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Capt. Billy's Whiz Bang

Vol. III June, 1922 No. 3



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST, 24, 1912.

Of Captain Billy's Whiz Bang, published monthly at Robbinsdale, Minnesota, for April 1, 1922.

State of Minnesota, County of Hennepin—ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harvey Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of Captain Billy's Whiz Bang, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, W. H. Fawcett, Robbinsdale, Minnesota; editor, W. H. Fawcett, Robbinsdale, Minnesota; managing editor, none; business manager, Harvey Fawcett, Robbinsdale, Minnesota.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) W. H. Fawcett, Robbinsdale, Minnesota.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appear upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has and interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceeding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) HARVEY FAWCETT.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March 1922.

G. HASLEHURST.

Notary public, Hennepin county, Minnesota.

My commission expires September 13, 1925.

Captain Billy's Whiz Bang

America's Magazine of Wit, Humor and Filosophy

JUNE, 1922 **Vol. III. No. 34**

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ONE DOLLAR FOR THE WINTER ANNUAL

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"We have room for but one soul loyalty and that is loyalty to the American people.—Theodore Roosevelt.

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By W. H. Fawcett

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Edited by a Spanish and World War Veteran and dedicated to the fighting forces of the United States

Drippings From the Fawcett

ANOTHER summer is almost upon us with its near hopes and beers and more reform dissertations on the girlies' bathing suits.

The weeping willow buds are weeping. The lawn mower squeaks in borrowed glee. Only six more months in which to do your Christmas shopping. Folks will soon be rattling forth to the verdigris green of the laughing farmlands to pick skunk cabbages and to the wooded dells of Breezy Point Lodge and other lakeside resorts to accumulate the annual crop of freckles and flapper flirtations.

Two weeks at the lake or in the country is a recreation. You walk yourself camel-toed looking for a snifter in a strange and seemingly arid region only to discover that the bird in the next farm or cottage is King Kleagle or Bing Bunghole of the Bootleggers' Union and has a 350-gallon still within 50 yards of your left tonsil.

Of course, this doesn't go for your Uncle Billy's Breezy Point resort. The law permits every cuckoo to feather himself with one pint every ten days so we would advise those who

contemplate visiting our Pelican Lake place to stick their tongues out at the "doc" before rushing away to where the dogwoods bark merrily and the sparrows tweet cheerily every time there is a new squeak from the long-suffering hammock.

Believe us or not—but this is the life.

* * *

AS THE old song goes—we love the cows and chickens and also the chipmunks and chiggers. We love the rutabagas and the "skeeters"; the sighing pines; the pale pink pickerel and perch; the flapping Cinderellas on their first outing away from the rattle of the city.

We also love the one-piece bathing suit, and Whiz Bang takes this opportunity of extending greetings of the summer to the new mayor of St. Petersburg, Fla., who was elected on a one-piece bathing suit platform. If the reformers had their way the 1922 bathing creation would be built of burlap bag, embellished with bright embroidery of Smith Brothers cough drops and would extend six inches below the heels.

Somebody ought to make these reform fish eat some of their own consomme. The chief trouble with them is that they think the whole regiment is out of step because they got off on the wrong foot. And so they step out and pick onto some beautiful young Plymouth Rock or White Leghorn who is trying to make the best

of what she has by garnisheeing natures' bloomings in synthetic form.

While we are on this reform subject, bills recently have been introduced in the Massachusetts legislature—one requiring that all people shall go to church and the other prohibiting women from smoking in public places.

People who try to foist their own pet foibles onto other folk are eternally interesting. Their trouble is that they suffer from a weakness—a mental disease, as it were—that causes an immense amount of mischief in the world—a kind of thinking closely related to egotism.

Suppose people were made to go to church. We don't have to know much about human nature to know that instead of being accepted as a beneficent influence the church would soon be regarded as a tyrannical force that interfered with private rights.

* * *

THERE is a minister down Los Angeles way who is going out after new business by turning his church social rooms into a courting parlour. While this idea is neither brilliant, original nor yet unduly dignified it is better than trying to force people to attend services. And it might also help some to minimize the annual Poison Ivy toll and save many a weary walk home after an evening's automobile spin. In the final analysis, however, one would have to be butterfingered in the brain

or weak-minded to trot his girl off to the family church for an evening's "loving."

So far as smoking is concerned, if the girls want to wiggle a mean cheroot its none of our business. English women smoke when and where they please. It has become such a familiar sight that the actions of New York and Chicago city officials of a few weeks back seem absurd even to an old farmer from Robbinsdale.

* * *

But Gus' brother once remarked that Robbinsdale was no one-horse town—so perhaps we cannot be taken as a criterion of the sentiments along "Main Street" in the ordinary small community.

* * *

BURSTING with the spring urge some "contrib" from the West Coast sends in a clipping from the San Jose (Cal.) News. It reads:

"If Mrs. Abel will call at the News office she will receive two complimentary tickets to 'Go Straight.'"

It is sincerely hoped that Mrs. Abel followed the main drag for if the motion picture folk carry out announced intentions, Mrs. Abel and other movie fans will have no further opportunity to receive complimentary tickets to "Go Straight." Apparently the movie magnates have seen the handwriting on the wall. Brooms are busy and vacuum cleaners are working—

getting sex and crime cobwebs out of the road —Out of sight for the moment, anyway.

It may be that the dear public has had enough of sex, of the eternal triangle; of the underworld; the foolish wives and philandering husbands. It will be six months before the present accumulation of films has been expended and then we shall see what we shall see in the way of clean pictures.

We haven't decided yet whether or not to turn over a new fig leaf with the movie mags but before we do there is one picture we would like to lamp—Avery Hopwood's farce purporting to depict life in Hollywood. The poor, suffering Hollywood folk have been pounded to sausage by reckless correspondents ever since the Arbuckle and Taylor tragedies. Hopwood's offering probably belongs to the same class. One of the scenes is said to be a strip-poker party in which reputed movie ladies all but remove their clothes.

Rupert Hughes, the novelist, recently attended a Chicago social function in which the women wore almost nothing and every man was with some other man's wife. In the midst of the party one of the women turned to him and said: "Oh, Mr. Hughes, do tell me about that wicked Hollywood." Hughes replied: "Madam, I am going back there to get my mind cleaned out and learn to live quietly again.

Some sense to Hughes' comeback, too.

HOLLYWOOD has gotten a great deal of publicity because of the discovery, through the Taylor case, that one of the favorite movie stars is addicted to the use of narcotics.

Whether or not it is due to the result of prohibition, the use of narcotics is increasing everywhere and its abuse is not confined to Hollywood. It was only a few days ago that the daily press announced that in a raid in New York City ten white girls were found living with Chinamen in dope dens.

China has been the greatest sufferer on earth from the plague and the Chinks seem bound to transplant the habit in this country. It is so easy to smuggle in that the continual seizures we hear about do not affect the importations. It is doubtful if the trade can be stopped except by making the growth of the opium poppy and the treatment and sale of the product a government monopoly in all countries of origin.

It is our guess that in the long run the white ribboners are going to see the error of total prohibition of alcoholic stimulants and switch to a more temperate platform of light wines and beers.

* * *

Chief Blowberger to a party of fast drivers going through Robbinsdale—

"Speed laws don't apply to you fellers. You cain't get through any too dern fast fer us."

YE EDITOR extends hearty thanks to Brother Pease, of the Anoka County Union, for his write-up of the Whiz Bang farm. For the benefit of Whiz Bang readers, Anoka is a suburb of Robbinsdale, 15 miles distant, but it happens to be about ten times larger than our own home town.

We particularly appreciate the "head writer" in his selection of the words—"Fawcett's Whiz Bang Becoming World Popular."

Well, Soaks, here's hoping Mrs. Billy's eyes do not fall on this headline. Otherwise, I never would be able to visit the Eagles' lodge rooms once a week.

* * *

ON Sunday, April 2, I met the pilot of the Breezy Point aeroplane on the ice which covered the Mississippi River at Brainerd, Minnesota. Accompanied by Mrs. Billy, we flew 22 miles over snow covered pine forests, landing on the ice in front of Breezy Point farmhouse in fifteen minutes. A few days later, Panther Pete, my hunting guide, drove us in our old-fashioned farm wagon to the nearest railroad station, Pequot. The snow drifts were so high that we were on the road for more than two hours in making the journey of six miles. This experience is a good sample of modern progress.

* * *

While at Breezy Point, my brother Harvey opened the following letter from an unknown

friend, who gives her address in the eight hundred block of McCallie Avenue, Chattanooga, Tennessee:

Chattanooga, Tenn.,
April 1, 1922.

Dear Captain Billy:—

Saturday night, 10:20 P. M., a fireplace, a typewriter that would do justice to a museum, and a copy of "Whiz Bang." Curiosity being ever and always pardonable in a woman, I have this quality for an excuse in writing this letter.

I have traveled from the Pacific to the Atlantic seaboard and in many large cities it has been my good fortune to mingle with people to whom respectability and a fear of God predominates. Everywhere I find Captain Billy's Whiz Bang. In small towns, east, west, north, or south, all are the same, I find "you." In the homes of the goodly and simple farmer, town folk and even in the home of the Baptist Minister. All of which arouses "said curiosity" to know just what you are like.

One can appreciate the works of authors ever so much more after their autobiography has been delved into. I have changed my opinion three times about Shakespeare, due to Hamlet, Midsummer's Night Dream, and Venus and Adonis. Likewise Balzac, etc., but I'll be darned if I can gather a bit of "your personality or make-up" from Whiz Bang. My question has been asked. Will you satisfy my curiosity on a good sportsmanship basis?

The Captain Billy who writes with such pathos one time and perfectly "terrible" the next—well I just don't believe in extremes. You are very much of an enigma. Please may I not know what you are all about?

(Sgd.) A. KAYE,

My brother's answer was as follows:

Dear Madam:

Yours of the 1st could not be misconstrued as an April Fool joke, but we must confess it is indeed a puzzler. It

would be too difficult a task for Captain Billy to attempt to analyze his own "locoed" make-up, so I will endeavor to handle the difficult job.

If you wish a glimpse into the statistical side of my older brother, I will gladly supply this information. He is about forty years old and was brought up among the wild horses of North Dakota until his fifteenth birthday. On this natal day, with the aid and assistance of five dollars obtained through his recovery of the body of a drowned man from the muddy Red River of the North, he hied himself to the railroad yards of the Great Northern at Grand Forks, N. D., and for a few months became a Knight of the Blind Baggage and Rods, enroute to distant meccas of the "bindlestiffs."

The next year Bill allied himself with the American army, then at the age of sixteen, and made himself eligible for a Spanish-American War Veteran button. He denies the report that while in the Philippine insurrection, Blackjack Pershing was his orderly. However, he admits that he was burned by hot tea in Japan.

Returning to the States, he took up the occupations, of steamboat deck hand, railway mail clerk, newspaper reporter, captain in the World War, and then launched the old Whiz Bang midst the crowing of the hens and the bulling of the bull, which undoubtedly excuses him for spreading the bunk.

Can't quite see what satisfaction you might glean from this semi-autobiographic conglomeration of junk, but if it does nothing else, it will at least show that we appreciate your letter and your interest.

Yours until the pedigreed cat comes home.

(Sgd.) HARVEY FAWCETT,
Business Manager.

(Editor's Note—Copies of above letters were found in the smokehouse upon my return today from the snow drifts and pine trees. It is spring so I have the excuse for further slinging of poetical muck. When you finish reading this

"masterpiece" from an unknown pen, don't blame it on Gus. You know I've traveled in so many different climates lately that my "coco" is not quite plumb.)

I have often wined and feasted
At the boards of famous men;
And I've appeased my hunger
In a goo goo's reeking den.
I've flirted with a dainty thing
All creamy-white and pink,
And loved her heathen sister
With a skin as black as ink.

I've one-stepped in a ballroom
With a thousand lights aflood;
I have danced the native "coochee"
On a floor composed of mud;
Fevered, toiled in many places,
Where the wheels of Mammon hum;
And I've known those stretching spaces
Where the silence strikes you dumb.

I have had a staff of servants
At my daily beck and call;
And, as a "down-and-outer,"
I have learned to cringe and crawl.
Laughed in ecstasy in having
All that health and wealth afford;
And I've shrieked aloud with terror
In a pauper's bughouse ward.

I have been the chosen leader
Through a wild, carousing night;
I have crouched down, mighty homesick,
By the lonely camp-fire's light.
Caruso's voice has charmed me
To that fairy land of dream;
And I've wakened in the blackness,
To a hungry coyote's scream.
I have had those many ups and downs
Which on a man attend;
I've got perhaps some enemies,
I might have made a friend.

So, here's to you! whoe'er you be,
Old pal! I wish you well;

And, as regards my enemies,
I'll meet them all in hell!

I have risen up and fallen,
I have been both good and bad;
I have made some tidy fortunes,
And I've squandered all I've had;
I have drunk my pint of sorrow,
I have ate my peck of fun;
So, when I come to think it out,
And all is said and done,
It strikes an even balance
I am just where I begun.

* * *

The next time our Persian cat hauls in a load of wee kitties, I intend calling on my old townsman, Viljalmer Stefanson, Arctic explorer, for suggestions in the way of names. It is my understanding that Mr. Stefanson is thoroughly familiar with North Pole cats and we are located far enough north this summer to come within an Eskimo designation.

* * *

OUR second neighbor down the road, Deacon Callahan, owns a tough little jackass that he uses for cultivator purposes. While feeding the animal the other morning, the "jack" became rantankerous and kicked Callahan to the ground. Missus Callahan answered his call for help and grabbed onto a single-tree on her way to the barnyard. She had driven the donkey away and was leaning over the prostrate form of her husband, when Olaf, my new farm-hand, turned the corner of the Callahan barn to borrow a corn planter.

"What's happened here?" inquired Olaf.

"Oh, nothing much," answered Mrs. Callahan. "I just beat the donkey off my hubby with this single-tree."

(Now that that's off my mind, fill 'em up again, Eddie.)

* * *

NEXT day Olaf was driving the manure spreader about the fields in preparation for the spring plowing. A sweet maiden who had motored from the city, became stalled on the highway near the Whiz Bang farm. Olaf, like all gentlemanly farm-hands, came to her rescue. She blushingly asked Olaf what kind of an invention he was driving in the field.

"A manure spreader," was Olaf's answer.

"For land's sake," said the maiden.

"Yes," said Olaf.

* * *

Now, I Wonder

A spinster, on her birthday, received a parrot in an immense cage. The next day an owl was delivered in a similar manner. Being a lover of birds, she placed the two cages in her bedroom. That evening when she was disrobing, the parrot squawked:

"Ain't she a peach? Ain't she a peach? I'd like to kiss her!"

The owl drolled his familiar words:

"Who-o-o-o, Who-o-o-o?"

"Not you, you bald-faced heathen!" retorted the parrot.

Robbinsdale Swedish Bull Fight

With Gus as Toreador

'Twas midnight on the ocean,
And a murderous crowd was there,
To watch the fatal fight
At Robbinsdale's town square.

They came from far and near,
Till the house was packed up full;
When Gus was billed to tangle horns,
With Pedro, pedigreed bull.

Sweeping the death arena
And bound for the realm of dead,
Was our gallant Swedish hero,
With a flag of brilliant red.

Around the square they floundered,
While the farmers held their breath;
Time and again our warrior Gus
Narrowly escaped from death.

Then into the glorious struggle,
Jumped up the hand of fate,
And poor old Gus met his Waterloo
When he chanced to dodge too late.

The audience screamed in horror,
At the sight of the terrible muss;
For there upon the bloody ground,
Lay the dying remains of Gus.

Said he, "Will somebody do me
Just a favor if they will,
And have Chief Berger go and find
My old boss—Captain Bill?"

And when the chief returned again,
Captain Bill was at his side,
To listen to the last request
Of Gus, before he died.

"I've fought your famous Pedro,
But he knocked me for a row,

And what I want they haven't got
Where I am going to go."

"That will do," said Bilious Billy,
"I think you've said enough."
He then remove[illegible]he cover
From off a box o[illegible]uff.

"You've granted my dying wish" said Gus,
And I'll leave this life of charm,
My blessing on Pedro, pedigreed bull,
And all of the Whiz Bang farm.

* * *

Maybe He Kissed Her

The editor herewith produces a suggestion from Punch Bowl for a truly characteristic paragraph on the subject "He kissed her; she was full of beans," as it would be written in the Whiz Bang. For the best paragraph we will present the reader with a free ticket to the Whiz Bang pasture and also a year's subscription to the little old Banger. Here are some shots as other magazines might write it—

Snappy Stories: "Slowly her sinuous arms crept seductively about his shoulders and around his neck, as Nedra, with a world of passion in her languorous eyes, held up her voluptuous red lips to be kissed."

Smart Set: "With her lingerie draped in charming abandon and daring decollette, Esme rose from her escritoire and walked toward him with utter sang froid, placed her arms about his shoulders and, casting convention to the wind, whispered, 'Mon cher.'"

Saturday Evening Post: "She flung her arms about his brawny shoulders and sighed softly, 'Kiss me, dear.'"

Century: "Placing her arms about him in a palpably compromising position, she enunciated, 'Let us osculate.'"

* * *

Sam (to his wife at show)—"Mandy, tell dat niggah to take his arm away from aroun' yo' waist."

Mandy—"Tell him yoself. He's a puffect stranger to me."

Questions and Answers

Dear Captain Billy—Did you stay up all night August 31st in order to see September Morn?—***Peter Outt.***

No, I saw May first and she suited me all right.

* * *

Dear Skipper Bill—If a ship was sunk at sea would a safety razor?—***Scissor Bill.***

No, but dynamite.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—My rival in love is a physician. Please tell me how to beat him for my girl's hand.—***Ava D'Poy.***

Feed her an apple a day.

* * *

Dear Captain—What kind of rooms are mushrooms?—***Benny Fitt.***

The parlor is usually the mush room.

* * *

Dear Skipper—I'm in love with a boy and he's in love with me. What shall we do?—***Blossom Outt.***

Get married.

Dear Captain Billy—What do you sleep on, brush your teeth with, sit on, and walk on?—***Ida Knoe.***

Bed, tooth brush, chair, shoes. Righto!

* * *

Dear Skipper Bill—Did you hear the tale about the man with one hundred wives?—***Willie Soohn De Kay.***

No, but it must be some story.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—What is a good hot weather menu?—***Etta Lott.***

Reindeer steak and eskimo pie.

* * *

Dear Doctor Billy—I am troubled with severe nosebleeds and our local physician is unable to supply me with a remedy. As you have helped many others in trouble I thought that you might be able to suggest a successful treatment.—***Mrs. Pete Olson.***

Doctor Chaparrall says a few drops of solder applied to the nostrils will stop any nosebleed.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—Why do most men appear to take more pleasure in kissing pretty flappers in preference to grass widows?—***Omar Cayenne.***

The difference, my boy, is as between Delightful Acquiescence and Frantic Co-operation.

Billy Whiz Bang—Does the devil ever go ice-skating?—***Ima Loon.***

How in hell can he?

* * *

Dear Captain Bill—Did you hear the one about the bumble bee and the bell?—***G. Rain-yum.***

No, I didn't, but I'll bet it was a "hum-dinger."

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—What is the correct definition of the word "flapper"?—***Blossom Outt.***

My understanding of a flapper is a young girl who goes about with an open neck to catch men, but who usually catches cold instead.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—Is it expensive to go abroad to Paris for a month's visit?—***Hi Khost.***

It all depends, Hi, on whether you go alone or take your wife. If you are taking your wife along, it need not be very expensive.

* * *

Dear Skipper—What great man do you think of when you put coal on the fire?—***Jack Gob.***

Philip the Grate.

* * *

J. T. P.—It was Colonel William Prescott who gave the order "Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes" at Bunker Hill.

Rambling Robert Kirby

Dear Folks, I reckon as how I'm————
Reckless DAN from DANVILLE, I'm the terror of TERRE-HAUTE,
I've sold the falls of NIAGARA, to a beauty up in BUTTE;
Got full of gin in ELGIN, and started for LAMAR,
But I got "pulled" in PULLMAN, for stealing a SLEEPING-CAR.
I've locked the locks in LOCKSPORT, with a key from KANKA-KEE,
And watched the water in WATERTOWN, flow into TENNESSEE.
I left NEW YORK on NEW YEAR'S; got stewed in old ST. JOE,
And WAKEFIELD couldn't wake me, in CINCY, O-HI-O,
I met a guy in BOSTON, who fed me PORK and BEANS,
Who told the janes in JANESVILLE, I came from NEW ORLEANS;
Grabbed a HACK in HACKENSACK, intending to come back,
But I found myself next morning, quite FOND of FONDULAC.
I've sometimes washed in WASHINGTON, and DRESSED in DRESDEN, too,
Met KATIE in DECATUR; shot B'AR in BARABOO,
Had a hard boil lanced in LANSING, and have SUNG in OSSINING,
Had a jolly time in JOLIET, and never done a thing.
Made a date in DAYTON, with a GAL from GALVESTON,
Ran shy on "JACK" in JACKSON, and now I'm out of "MON."
'Tis true you've heard my story, and I hope you'll know it's so,
From the KOCO KOLO KIDDO from KARELESS KOKOMO.

Movie Hot Stuff

MABEL NORMAND entertained a half dozen friends at a box party to see "The London Follies," March 5th, just one month after William D. Taylor's death. She also attended the races at the Los Angeles Speedway the following Sunday, where she giggled all afternoon with a group of girl friends, went down into the auto pits to talk with the drivers and pretty generally enjoyed herself. On the following evening she was again seen dancing at the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador.

* * *

THE two film actresses mentioned so often in connection with the Taylor murder will each go abroad but in different directions. Mabel Normand has announced her intention of soon going to Europe for a prolonged stay. Mary Miles Minter has already left for the Orient. A very few months ago, Mary's engagement was announced to T. E. Dixon, you remember. He is the son of the millionaire pencil manufacturer. However, since the Taylor affair entangled Mary and disclosed a very frank and schoolgirly letter

she had once written to him—which any of us might have done in our young teen days!—Dixon is no longer seen calling at Mary's home. It is said that he broke the engagement and that Mrs. Shelby, Mary's mother, is prostrated with grief.

Everyone thinks Dixon has jumped at conclusions, and shown unmanly poor judgment in breaking faith with his little sweetheart. Mary, you know, is one of the picture stars who has always been carefully chaperoned and guarded by a mother and grandmother. Mrs. Shelby, in her younger days, was a Frohman actress of no mean ability. She is essentially a lady, understands the demands and temptations of theatrical work and has wisely guarded her daughter accordingly. Whiz Bang doesn't think Dixon will find a nicer little girl among the overwise debutante sets he may mingle with in search of someone to take Mary's place.

* * *

WHEN you read headlines to the effect that "the stage is insistently demanding that such and such a picture star return to its fold," you can borrow a pinch of salt and figure that somebody had somebody's contract broken. Pauline Frederick is to return to the stage this fall. She had a five-year contract with Robertson-Cole at $36,000 a month. Mama Frederick kept warning Pauline not to spend money so fast and that this heavenly luck couldn't last forever, but Pauline thought it

would last five years anyhow, so she has been buying all the "pretties" she saw.

However, the dream was rudely shattered of late when "Pat" Powers, former Universal executive bought out the interest of Cole and ruthlessly told Pauline that she wasn't worth $36,000 a month to the new management. Pauline put up a legal fight for her contract, it is said, but Powers' lawyers were able to see that the contract was broken "by mutual consent."

It is said that Sessue Hayakawa's high powered contract at about $30,000 a month is to be passed up, too.

* * *

MARY THURMAN and May Collins, picture stars, are walking these days and frying the lowly egg over a gas jet. Their autos and bank accounts have been attached by an irate landlord who says that within a period of three months they have damaged the furnishings of his flat to the extent of many hundreds of dollars!

* * *

MARSHALL NEILAN, when recently interviewed, announced that he did not intend to marry Blanche Sweet but that the former star intended to take a trip to the Orient very shortly. Hollywood is wondering if Neilan will pursue his interest in Gloria Swanson to a successful finish while Blanche is overseas.

THE effect of Will Hays upon the motion picture industry is still to be observed. Thus far, Mr. Hays has said several pleasant things about the Cinema Art (capitals, please), and that's all. The appointment of Hays as film dictator brought out a lot of wild and amusing newspaper yarns.

One of them declared that Hays was about to center the movie industry in Long Island, building a church as a center and having the studios radiate about the place. You can guess the shudders that ran through our silversheet flappers the day ***that*** was published.

Of course, these tales are all bosh. Between you and my typewriter, the film industry will largely operate in California. It's the only place for economical production and economy is the word these days.

Did we say Hays had done nothing? There's one exception. The lightning is said to be about to strike in one place, i. e., the California bungalow of a certain male cinema idol. This film star has long been reported to be the victim of "snow," so much its victim that his employers now have a guard living with him. Of course, another juicy scandal would be a terrible blow to the film business, so you will shortly see the eclipse of this star, when his present producing company drops him. And even yet he is the adored of millions. Such is the fear of the fil-em producer these unhappy days. In the old days a player of this popu-

larity would never go into the discard, not while he could be dragged into a studio.

The next year will see the elimination of a lot of other boys and girls who might cause trouble. We hear that the reason why a certain foreign film star has not visited these shores is a reported uncontrollable—well—temperament. The lady in question might do something awkward, so she isn't going to be permitted to come over. At least so the tale goes.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD is 100 per cent pure! Who says anything to the contrary? Why in the old days when an unmarried or getting-a-divorce man lived in the same house with an unmarried woman, people accused them of wrongdoing whether they KNEW or not. However, now, a couple can live right in the same house together and not have a thing in the world wrong! When an ideally pure state of things of this sort can exist, the American home, whether blessed with a framed marriage license or not, is certainly NOT a disgrace to any community!

For instance. Seena Owen just came west and started fireworks by sueing her former husband, George Walsh, for a divorce and naming Estelle Taylor, Fox star, as corespondent. Miss Owen told the court that Miss Taylor and Mr. Walsh were both living in a house at 2023

Cahuenga Avenue and, therefore, something wrong was going on.

However, Miss Taylor, said there certainly was ***nothing*** wrong going on and she didn't see why they shouldn't live in the same house if they wanted to! Miss Taylor has even gone a step further by bringing a $100,000 damage suit against Seena Owen for "destruction of her good reputation for morality and virtue." And Miss Taylor appeared in court the other day and laughed right out loud at Seena, too.

You see Estelle's mamma invited George to live at their house on Cahuenga and move away from the Ambassador Hotel. Then mamma went to New York on a trip and on January 27th at midnight, three horrid "Dicks" burst into the front door of the house. George was getting ready for bed and Estelle was in the bath-tub but what's wrong with that, pray tell? The "Dicks" had to acknowledge they saw nothing wrong!

Estelle says grandma didn't want her to go into pictures anyhow—too risky. She had tried to keep her in the clean path of vaudeville. She says she's an innocent pawn in the whole trouble between George and Seena and is peeved to the extent of $100,000!

* * *

DOES FREE love bring happiness? Upton Sinclair's former common law wife, after their free love union had come to disaster wrote a series of articles in order to prove that

this relation was an absolute mistake—especially for the woman. It is said that Upton Sinclair's own views on this subject have undergone a radical change in the past few years.

A certain socialist writer of national prominence who is a leader in the Washington Square Liberal Club group of free thinkers—he is known as "handsome Max"—used to believe in free love. Have his views changed in the past few weeks?

Florence Deshon, an actress of no little beauty and talent committed suicide in New York City a short time ago. Miss Deshon has had a successful career in motion pictures. She played in Belasco's "Seven Chances" in New York then appeared in Vitagraph pictures for several years. Samuel Goldwyn sent her to his western studio at a splendid two years contract and she has appeared in many Goldwyn pictures. When she was dying, "handsome Max" offered blood transfusion in a last effort to save the girl's life.

Several wives, some artist models, an actress who played leading roles for a long time at one of New York's "little theatres" and others have figured in the romantic life of handsome Max. It is whispered that an infatuated woman killed herself several years ago because Max deserted her for another.

When Miss Deshon played at the Goldwyn studios in the west, Max on several occasions "came west in the interests of the Socialist

party" and was often seen with her. He roused her interest in woman suffrage and Freud and the subjects in which he is interested. Miss Deshon heeded no warnings about Max and when the slump in the movies occurred, she went east, presumably to be near him as she took up her residence in Washington Square. It is said that a quarrel with "handsome Max" and accusations of infidelity on her part, preceded her tragic death.

Has "handsome Max" changed his views?

* * *

CUPID SEEMS to have been shell shocked ever since the war. His erotic wiring system is crossed and recrossed.

For instance. We've recently heard about Kenneth Harlan's divorce from Flo Hart and how Kenneth formerly "kept company" with Lottie Pickford until the latter decided to marry Alan Forrest.

All right. For the moment we have Lottie and Alan settled.

Now comes the news that Lowell Sherman's wife (Lowell, you remember attended the Arbuckle party at the ***St. Frantic*** Hotel in Frisco) is suing for divorce because he is paying too much attention to Flo Hart. They say Sherman hopes to marry Flo so perhaps when the legal moment arrives, they will "settle" too.

Mrs. Semnacher didn't divorce "Al" because he went to parties like Fatty Arbuckle's. Instead, the tables have been turned and "Al" has

just divorced her for being too friendly to Carrol Fleming while he and Mrs. Delmonte were motoring north toward the ***St. Frantic.*** Fleming is an extra at the studios and claims to be an ex-millionaire, boxer, aviator, British army officer, etc. "Al" complained that Fleming washed the dishes, wound the clock and put out the cat in his own home while he was attending Fatty's party in San Francisco. He was granted a decree.

Then—some people have too much gosh darn luck—somebody left Mrs. Maude Delmonte $25,000. The authorities said she couldn't be trusted to tell the truth during two consecutive moments, so they wouldn't let her testify at Fatty's trial. She should worry, however. Whenever Whiz Bang's investigators visit Tiajuana, the home of the open drinking bouts in the northwest corner of Mexico, Mrs. Delmonte and "Al" are seen propping the bars. Mrs. Delmonte now gowns herself like Mrs. Astor's pet horse and treats "Al" just swell.

If fate just happened to throw all these people together for a brief week, Cupid would have to buy a whole coil of new copper wire. Perhaps it isn't Cupid's fault after all. Perhaps Cupid is no longer pink and fat, but old and gray from his untangling exertions of "ever since the war."

* * *

Deacon Hawkins says the worst sight of all is to see a pretty woman spit.

Gwan to Bed Story

A lady entering a crowded train, requested a little boy if she might put his basket, which he had beside him, up in the rack so that she might sit there. He assented willingly. A short time later the lady remarked, "Sonny, I'm afraid your pickles are leaking."

Little boy, disgustedly—"Them ain't pickles, lady, them's puppies."

* * *

We will now indulge in that aesthetic ballad entitled, "My father was a Confederate soldier but he wore a Union Suit."

* * *

Ten Bars In a Night Room

And so at last the child spoke up.
Her voice was full of spunk;
"Don't sell my daddy soft drinks.
He gives me money when he's drunk."

* * *

Foolish Questions

What kind of monkeys grow on vines?
Gra-Apes.

* * *

Latest News From the Bawl Room

The baby swallowed a spoon, but nothing stirring.

* * *

Our Monthly Motto

Love a little girl lots and not a lot of girls a little.

The Power of Faith

At a meeting of a certain faith-cure cult the members were asked to give personal testimonies of the efficacy of faith healing.

A lady in the middle aisle stood up and declared: "Our home was lonesome for many years and we began to despair. Three months ago a friend suggested that I try faith-healing, and now, thank God, we are blessed with a bouncing little baby boy."

* * *

We Thank You

Dear Captain Billy—There is one thing that I desire to thank you for sincerely. I was unable to decide on what career my daughter should follow, but since reading your very valuable family journal, The Whiz Bang, we both decided she should embark on a literary career. Again thanking you, I am,

Gratefully yours,
MARY ELLEN SLAPAPPLE.

* * *

Just One More

"I took that pretty girl from the store home the other night, and stole a kiss."

"What did she say?"

"Will that be all?"

* * *

1922 Greetings

I'd like to know you. Is there any one who could introduce us?

Whiz Bang Editorials

"The Ball is Mightier Than the Bullet."

He is dead, my little son—
Welcome him, ye gods of death;
Greet him kindly, one by one.
From the warmth of human breath
Whispering love-word in his hair
Now he turns to you instead.
I must leave him to your care.
For he seeks among the dead
Peace a king may never know
In this world of to and fro.
Goddess with a woman's eyes,
Soothe him sweetly, motherwise,
If at night you hear him moan
Wakeful in the dark alone,
Comfort him again to rest
With his cheek upon your breast.
Bid your godling play with him
Gently—he was frail of limb,
Though his heart was princely brave,
Take him to you tenderly!
Let him find within the grave
Less of loneliness to bear
Than is mine who leave him there.
Little son, farewell to thee.

* * *

ONE evening I was driving in the cemetery. The sun had gone down, dark shadows lengthened across the lake, and the dews were falling. I saw a lad carrying a brass lantern. He stopped, lit it, and hung it on a

tree that sheltered two graves. I called to him and inquired what he did that for. "It's part of my work," he answered. That was all he could tell me. So I stopped at the gate on my way out, and asked the keeper why the lantern was hung on the tree over the two graves. He paused—a smile lit up his face. He took off his hat, pushed back the hair from his forehead and said:

There were two children sick with diphtheria. Death came and took the little brother. Two days later the little sister, knowing that she must die and be put in the ground by the side of her brother, said to her mother, 'If we could have a light every night, we wouldn't be afraid.' So they have the lantern instead of a monument."

I thought then how her earthly home was exchanged for the narrow one in this cemetery; loving hands strewed the two graves with flowers, and they were watered with tears; how they had been united in life, and in death they were not divided, but near each other as in the nursery. True, no stone marked their resting place—no marble was white enough to record the story of their sweet pure lives. Instead, a lamp was kept trimmed and burning over the two little graves among all the other graves. That was years ago.

Since then flowers have bloomed, the sun shone, and the birds sung their sweetest; autumns have come, the robins have covered the

graves with leaves, and winters have tucked white, warm blankets of snow over these sleeping babes in the wood—but the light has driven the childish fear away by making the black bright. Should the keeper ever forget, or the oil fail, or the wind blow out the light, I am sure the good angels of the brother and sister would hang out a big, bright beautiful star over the two little mounds, so that at evening time it would be light.

* * *

IF MEMORIES of an old tragedy still are kept alive after nearly half a century, then old residents of the Middle West may have noted the fact that this spring marks the fortieth anniversary of the shooting of Jesse James by Bob Ford.

Slaying of a bandit, nowadays, means far less than it meant in the eighties. A dead bandit in these utilitarian days makes little appeal to the imagination or the emotions. The automobile has taken the romance out of the bandit game. It has passed into standardized industry. And if a bandit in a high powered car gets bumped off, it is a cold, dispassionate economic fact.

But it was different in the days when the James boys and the Youngers robbed numerous banks in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and Minnesota—when Jesse James rode the frontiers or invaded the states of the Middle West ahorse, he and his outlaw companions.

Bob Ford, a pal of Jesse James and a member of his gang, fired the shot that laid the bandit leader low. His death came in his own home in St. Joseph, Mo. Ford's shot was, in a sense, the last gun in the warfare of the border, the last echo of the false spirit of loyalty that had shielded Jesse James so often in desperate situations, the last flicker of romance that had gilded the career of this most notorious highwayman of modern times.

Files of old newspapers disclose grandiloquence of speech and ballad, of editorial columns and of the stage, revolving about the circumstances. And of all, the ballad of Billy Garshade was most remarkable. It was a ballad that has been sung to loud action from the Kaw to the Rio Grande and from the Ozarks to the golden slopes of the Sierras. It ran in this fashion:

Jesse James was a lad that killed many a man.
He robbed the Danville train,
But that dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

It was Robert Ford, that dirty little coward.
I wonder how he does feel:
For he ate of Jesse's bread and he slept in Jesse's bed.
Then he laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Jesse was a man, a friend to the poor.
He never would see a man suffer pain;
And with his brother Frank he robbed the Galatin bank
And stopped the Glendale train.
It was on a Saturday night, Jesse was at home

Talking with his family brave.
Robert Ford came along like a thief in the night,
And laid poor Jesse in his grave.

This song was made by Billy Garshade,
As soon as the news did arrive.
He said there was no man with the law in his hand,
Who could take Jesse James when alive.

The other side of the picture was presented by a fiery young prosecutor, William H. Wallace, then in the supreme glow of a zeal for law and order, and a rare gift of impassioned oratory that distinguished him throughout his public career. In his speech at the trial of Frank James, whose surrender quickly followed the death of his brother Jesse, Wallace paid his respects to the departed "hero" in this perfervid passage, which became a classic in Missouri's forensic literature:

"I am not here as a defender of the Ford boys. I have nothing but condemnation for their method and their motive in slaying the bandit king. But neither his friends nor his admirers can be heard to complain. He fell at the hands of his pupils and according to his own methods. As the old eagle to teach her young to brave the winds in search of prey, bears them on her wings from off the craggy cliff and trains them above some surging vortex of the sea, so did Jesse James hold the Ford boys above the black vortex of crime and train them for robbery and assassination. Well might the poet say of his fall, as he did of the

eagle struck down in his flight for prey by the aid of feather dropped from his own wing:

So the struck eagle stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart.
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion that impelled the steel.
And the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life drop from his bleeding breast.

"Farewell, Jesse James, prince of robbers, Missouri cries a long, a glad farewell. Cruelest horseman that ever wore a spur or held a rein, seeming oftener like Death himself on his pale horse charging through the land than feeling man, farewell, farewell! Foulest blot that ever marked the bright escutcheon of a glorious state, farewell, farewell! Yes, thou bloody star of murder, hanging for years like a thing of horror in our very zenith, frightening science and civilization from our borders—I condemned the manner of thy taking off, yet I could but join the general acclaim when, seized with the shock of death, we see thee reel in thy orbit and then plunge forever into old chaos and eternal night."

* * *

Each In His Own Tongue

Of poems published within the last quarter century, three or four have at once become popular—among them "Each in His Own Tongue" by William Hubert Carruth, former professor of Germanic Languages in the University of Kansas. About this poem Mr. Carruth received scores of letters from

ail parts of the world, some protesting, others lauding. With all its radicalism, the poem seems to have found special favor with many ministers of the Gospel. It was quoted entire in a sermon in Westminster Abbey: also at Yale by Dr. Rainsford of New York when addressing the undergraduates.

A fire mist and a planet,
 A crystal and a cell,
A jellyfish and a saurian,
 And a cave where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
 A face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution
 And others call it God.

A haze on the fair horizon,
 The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the corn-field,
 And the wild geese sailing high,
And all over upland and lowland
 The sign of the goldenrod—
Some of us call it Autumn
 And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
 When the moon is new and thin,
Unto our hearts high yearnings
 Come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean,
 Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it Longing
 And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
 A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
 And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
 The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some call it Consecration
 And others call it God.

* * *

Our Health Hint

"Eat and drink, but do not marry for tomorrow you may die."

Why Walk a Mile?

Smoking is not a new accomplishment with the ladies. Far from it. Nor are the popular brands of today so very new. Mention is made in the Bible, under Genesis XXIV-64, as follows:

"And Rebekah lifted her eyes, and when she saw Isaac, she lighted off the Camel."

* * *

The Tropics

While basking in the sunny clime of Cuba last spring, we flipped a dollar one day to decide if we should push onward to Central America or return to "the land of the free." U. S. won and we bade goodbye to sparkling grapes and fast horses. Now we're glad we didn't go farther into the Tropics. The following poem by Randolph Atkin explains why our joy. Read it.—Capt. Billy.

Northwards 'long Pacific's coast from Puntarenas Bay,
To Guatemala City, where the sweet marimbas play,
There lies a tropic country, where the forest birds are mute,
Where the beauty of the women is a thing of world repute,
And the men are famed for eating of the old forbidden fruit.

It's a land of dusty cities, where a dark-eyed people dwell,
And churches are as plentiful as cinders are in hell;
Where life is free and easy, and good intentions fade,
Where there ain't no cast-iron morals, for a saint was never made
Where the mercury hovers about a hundred in the shade.

It's the home of politicians, where men seldom can agree—
The land of wailing donkeys and the tantalizing flea;
There dusky lovers serenade and strum the old guitar,
And white-skinned gringoes congregate from many lands afar,
Each with a manly heart of gold and soul as black as tar.

It's a land where dread diseases are inhaled with every breath,
And one is ever treading on the line 'twixt life and death;
But though you may forsake its shores of hardships and of pain,
You'll hear that voice a-calling you, which never calls in vain,
With the longing of a lover you'll return to it again.

Our Whiz Bang Song Hit

"When Wifie Kisses Me, Hide My Pocketbook."

* * *

"That's the guy I'm laying for," said the hen as Deacon Miller crossed the barnyard.

* * *

Suggested Barrister Epitaph

Here lies a lawyer—for the last time.

* * *

Echoes From Wartime Days

Mr. Headquarters, U. S. Armory.

Dear Mr. Headquarters—My husband was induced into the surface long months ago, and I aint received no pay from him since he was gone. Please send me my elopement, as I have a four months old baby and he is my only support. And I kneed it every day to buy food and keep up enclosed. I am a poor woman, and all I have is gone to the front. Both sides of my parents are very old, and I cant suspect anything from them, as my mother has been in bed with the same doctor for thirteen years, and she won't take another. My husband is in charge of a spittoon. Do I get any more than I am going to get? Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband has made application for a wife and child, and please send me a wife's form to fill out. I have already written to Mr. Wilson and get no answer and if I do not hear from you I will write to Uncle Sam about you and him.

Yours truly,

MRS. PAUL QUINN.

P. S.—My husband says that he sets in the Y. M. C. A. with a piano playing in his uniform. I think you can find him there.

* * *

Now let us all join in that good old darky song, "My Dixie Pair-o-dice."

Smokehouse Poetry

Were you ever on a "slow train in Arkansaw," or any other state? If so, read this poem entitled, "I Hope in Hell His Soul Will Dwell, the Man Who First Invented Essex Junction."

Edward J. Phelps of Burlington, Vt., who was Ambassador to England under the Cleveland administration, is the author. He was on his way to Washington and had left Burlington on a shuttle train, on which he was to make connections at Essex Junction with a Central Vermont train. Absentmindedly he got off the shuttle train at Essex Junction, walked around the cars and got right on the shuttle train again, instead of the incoming Montreal train. Ten or fifteen minutes later he was back in Burlington again. Whatever happened, he wrote the poem, which at the time was famed by all who read it.

All Aboard For Essex

With saddened face and battered hat
And eye that told of blank despair,
On wooden bench the traveler sat,
Cursing the fate that brought him there;
"Nine hours," he cried, "we've lingered here
With thoughts intent on distant homes,
Waiting for that delusive train
That, always coming, never comes,
Till, weary and worn, cold and forlorn,
And paralyzed in every function,
I hope in hell
Their souls may dwell,
Who first invented Essex Junction.

I've traveled north, I've traveled south,
O'er mountain, forest, prairie, river,

In ocean storm, in desert drouth,
Thro' railroad smash and steamboat shiver,
While hope and courage faltered not,
Nor strength gave way, nor faith was shaken,
Until I reached this dismal spot.
Of man accursed, of God forsaken,
Where strange new forms of misery
Assail men's lives without compunction.
And I hope in hell
Their souls may dwell,
Who first invented Essex Junction.

Here Boston waits for Ogdensburgh,
And Ogdensburgh for Montreal,
And late New York long tarrieth,
And Saratoga hindreth all;
From far Atlantic's wave-swept bays,
To Mississippi's turbid tide,
All accidents, mistakes, delays,
Are gathered here and multiplied.
Oh, fellow man, avoid this place,
As you would plague or Peter Funk shun;
And I hope in hell
Their souls may dwell,
Who first invented Essex Junction.

* * *

Whether You're Jew or Christian

As recited by Ed. E. Ford.

I was never much stuck on religion,
At least none of the sorts I've known;
For the Sunday dope from bishop to pope,
Just freezes a man and denies him hope,
Or leaves him cold as a stone.

But it's different there in Flanders,
Where the clergy are soldiers too;
When the poison gas creeps through the grass,
Then it's down on your knees in the reeking mass
And the priest is there with you.

So, whether you're Jew or a Christian,
Whatever your faith or call;
When you're faced out there with the grim death stare,
It's to Hell with your creeds—for each one's prayer
Goes straight to the God of us all.

A chap there was who was wounded;
He knew he was booked for "the west,"

How he wanted to pray e're he passed away,
But no priest of his faith was near that day
And he dare not die unconfessed.

But a Jewish chaplain saw him;
What matter the faith or creed,
A Jewish rabbi—He raised on high,
The cross of the Christ he must still deny,
And he prayed by his side till he saw him die,
And the poor bruised soul was freed.

So whether you're Jew or Christian,
Whatever your faith or call;
When you're faced out there with the grim death stare
It's to Hell with your creeds—for each man's prayer
Goes straight to the God of us all.

* * *

Ay Ban Swede From North Dakota

Ay ban Swede from North Dakota,
Vork on a farm 'bout one year;
Ay ban going down to Minnesota.
Yust to look on the big state fair.

Get ma ticket, get ma bottle,
Dress all up look out of sight;
Yump me on a Jim Hill wagon,
Ay feel so gude, I like to fight.

Next morning ay ban got wake up,
Fellow him say ban near St. Paul,
Ay tal you ay got awful headake,
Ay skal a drink 'o alkahol.

Walk 'round street in St. Paul,
Haint seen Swede man anywhere.
Yump on street car, go to Minoplis,
You bet, plenty Swede mens dar.

Walking 'round in south Minoplis,
Go by Stockholm, look for fun.
Here ay find one nice big Swede girl,
She slap my back, say "Good dog Swan."

Ay turn round and feel so funny.
Never seen this girl I tink,

Ay ban foxy, say "hello Tillie,
Wont you come and have a drink."

We take drink and feel so yolly,
And begin to dance and sing,
And ay say to all Swede fellers,
Ay skal pay for the whole dam ting.

Tillie say ay ban gude feller.
Looking mighty gude to her,
She say come on Swan I show you,
Best time ever did occur.

Riding up in nice blue wagon,
To the city yudge to see,
He say Swan ten days ten dollars,
Cause you ban on awful spree.

Ay look in my pocket, got no money.
Yudge, him say, can get no bail.
All am left for this poor Swede man,
Is to lay ten days in yale.

Am going back to Nord Dakota,
Get a yob on a farm somewhere,
Ay skal say to all Swede fellers,
Go to hal with the big State Fair.

* * *

A Moonshine Fit!

By William Sanford.

He drank some moon-shine before getting up
And this beyond doubt was the cause
Of his struggling hard for an hour or more
Trying to get on the bureau drawers!

* * *

I think I'm quite sane,
Also quite rational;
But I've sought long in vain,
For the Ladies' First National.
The vaults are still there,
You can see by the run;
But where the Lisle Bank is—
"Ain't we got fun."

Nay, Not Tonight

By Laurence Hope

Nay, not to-night;—the slow, sad rain is falling
 Sorrowful tears, beneath a grieving sky,
Far off a famished jackal, faintly calling,
 Renders the dusk more lonely with its cry.

The mighty river rushes, sobbing, seawards,
 The shadows shelter faint mysterious fears,
I turn mine eyes for consolation theewards,
 And find thy lashes tremulous with tears.

If some new soul, asearch for incarnation,
 Should, through our kisses, enter Life again,
It would inherit all our desolation,
 All the soft sorrow of the slanting rain.

When thou desirest Love's supreme surrender,
 Come while the morning revels in the light,
Bulbuls around us, passionately tender,
 Singing among the roses red and white.

Thus, if it be my sweet and sacred duty,
 Subservient to the Gods' divine decree,
To give the world again thy vivid beauty,
 I should transmit it with my joy in thee.

I could not if I would, Beloved, deceive thee.
 Wouldst thou not feel at once a feigned caress?
Yet, do not rise, I would not have thee leave me,
 My soul needs thine to share its loneliness.

Let the dim starlight, when the low clouds sunder,
 Silver the perfect outline of thy face.
Such faces had the saints; I only wonder
 That thine has sought my heart for resting-place.

* * *

Missing On All Six

I've missed many a walk
And many a talk
I've missed you all the while
And if missing the miss
Is missing a kiss
A miss is as good as a mile.

Reel Stuff

How sad the story of Jane McCleek.

Her will was strong, but her won't was weak.

* * *

A girl in Florida wants to know if Whiz Bangs isn't a new way of fixing the hair.

* * *

A Continued Story

"Slowly, silently she yielded to his passionate embrace. As he clasped her in his arms, and on her upturned lips he pressed a kiss, she softly murmured"

to be continued

* * *

Boys, Better Cut It Out

Sh-sh-h-h—meet me on the bridge at midnight! I'll be there with the papers. You bring the tobacco.

* * *

Sob Stuff

Love me tonight! Fold your dear arms about me—
Hurt me—I do but glory in your might!
Though your fierce strength absorb, engulf, and drown me,
Love me tonight!
(Beatrice M. Barry in the "Banquet Table.")

* * *

Maggie's chum from the city went out to milk the cow the other morning without much success. After waiting for several minutes, she exclaimed, "For the love of Mike, cow, turn on the milk."

City of Health, Wealth, Fashion

In San Francisco.
Heave ho, and a bottle of rum,
Ellis street's gone on the bum.
Where once we watched the Cliquot fizz
Is now filled up with waffle biz.
Where once we walked and drank a stein,
A sloe gin fizz or a jug of wine,
The waffle has come and come to stay—
And poor J. B. has had his day.
Song of Ellis street.

UNTIL very recently San Franciscans have been beating the barrier on this liquor business. While the rest of the country has been struggling along every tenth day with a tonsilitis prescription, this old burg has stepped along in its old-time metropolitan, carefree way. It has not been necessary to buy one of those wheel chair things with a limousine body and rattle off to the doc to stick your tongue out or to pull it in.

But recently Uncle Samuel made a change in prohibition directors. Now it is a misdemeanor to eat raisins on a Ferris wheel or to ask a cross-eyed girl to drink to you with her

eyes. The dubs of peace and prohibition have been knocking the various cocktail chateaux and highball hangars for a row of German epitaphs.

As a result of the rising crime wave and the startling increase in the dope habit the pendulum seems to be swinging back—at least to wines and beer. Hitherto criminals have had precarious lives and precarious profits but bootlegging supplies a school and profession of crime. Recently nine booze bandits took possession of the Hart mansion at San Mateo, and held carnival there the entire night. Trucks and autos carted off $25,000 worth of liquor while the bandits held high sport with the Hart household.

It wasn't a case of narcotics being responsible for the crime. Perhaps insanity would be the better answer, for one of the bandits was found to be a prominent young insurance broker of the city. Chauffeurs and waiters made up the remainder of the gang. And curiously the insurance broker was the only man that couldn't stand the strain of seeing pretty young misses of the household sitting around in their dainty night robes and other unmentionables. The leader finally had to hit him a poke in the eye to keep his mind on the spirits fermenti—which is Latin for booze. He is now requiescatting in pace—which is Latin for making little rocks out of big ones.

CARL LAEMMLE, owner of Universal City, has been spending some time in San Francisco putting his million dollar "Foolish Wives" across the footlights at the Imperial theater. Von Stroheim, the author, director and star, also was here salvaging what the New York censors left of his little dream.

The police censors looked the show over, eliminated the scenes where Count Sergius tried to kiss the American ambassador's wife in the witch's cabin; eliminated the action where he tried to take her clothes off in the witch's cabin but was scared off by a big St. Bernard which waltzed up with his tongue hanging out and his tail wagging fiercely; eliminated the scene where Sergius sits in front of the grate in the witch's cabin and utilizes a pocket mirror to watch the ambassador's wife undress.

We suppose Universal has experts to check on inaccuracies but it struck some of us as funny how Sergius could wade around for 30 minutes in a marsh in water up to his neck and then pull out his cigarette case and matches and smoke upon arriving at the cabin of the hereinbefore mentioned witch. Mebbe he carried his implements under his hat-band.

In any event the picture proved sufficiently "interesting" in expurgated form to carry capacity crowds for weeks. Several hundred San Francisco society folk, who happened to be week-ending at Del Monte and Carmel last

fall, were roped into furnishing atmosphere for von Stroheim's Monte Carlo beach scenes and that helped put it over big in San Francisco. Von Stroheim is a good actor and we hope Laemmle gets his money back.

* * *

Can She Get a Weigh With This?

My girl is so dumb she thinks Chaplin is a priest, and Fairbanks is a scale.

* * *

Daily Cuban Dialogue

"What's your racket, Bill?"

"Why I'm a farmer and a publisher. What's yours?"

"Why I'm in the habit of taking money from smart guys."

* * *

This One's On Us

"What kind of a girl is she?"

"I can't quite figure. When I arrived she was reading Whiz Bang, but when I left she wouldn't even kiss me good night."

—Washington University Dirge.

* * *

He proposed to her in the automobile—and she accepted him in the hospital.

* * *

Cru-u-el Wurrald

Alas, cru-u-el wurrald, I was engaged to a garbage man's daughter but she tied the can to me.

* * *

It's a wise policeman who knows his own beat.

Classified Ads

How About a Great, Big, Beautiful Doll?

(From Modesto, Calif., Herald.)

GENTLEMAN, STRANGER IN CITY, permanently employed, desires room and meals (breakfast from 9 to 10, dinner from 4 to 5) in small modern home near postoffice. Will pay $50 per month. No objection to baby or grown daughter. Box 25, Herald 2225

* * *

Immortality Personified

(Houghton, Mich., Mining Gazette)

The two charged that the patients were living under astounding conditions of corruption and immortality with discipline lacking.

* * *

Never Lose Your Head This Way

(Earlville Leader)

J. C. Kelley's little dog got in the way of the cars this morning and suffered a painful accident. His head was cut off.

* * *

Hell's Bell and All's Well

(Carlisle, Ky., Mercury)

There was quite a number of men on the streets in an intoxicated condition—more than usual, it appeared. There were no "rough-necks" among them, however, and the day passed very peaceably, except for the killing in Henryville.

* * *

All the World Loves a Liver

(Colorado Springs Gazette)

New bungalow; never occupied, in Kansas City, Mo.; living loving-room, fireplace, etc., etc.

* * *

Truth is stranger than fiction. It reveals unusual processions. So send to our next edition YOUR own TRUE CONFESSIONS.

Going Out of Business

(Portsmouth, Ohio, Times)

FOR SALE—Baby buggy, $10. Single Brass bed. 1226 Summitt St.

* * *

The Social Call In Arkansas

(From the Nevada County Picayune)

Every one come to the party Friday night at Mr. Crab's and please, boys, don't disappoint no one.

* * *

Filipino Stuff

(From the Manila Herald)

BACHELORS and married men capable of appreciating the soul throbs emanating from the heart of a constant and tender mistress to ring up 489 and ask for Earlmont Queens. January 28.

* * *

Farther! Father!

Father—"I see by the gasoline tank that you didn't get far last night."

Son—"Well, father, I'm not complaining any."

—From Lehigh University Burr.

* * *

"Rastus is my bawth warm?"

"Yassir, the wahmest Ah wa' evah in."

* * *

Tubal, Find Your Pocket!

((Trial scene of the "Merchant of Venison" as The Juggler writes it.)

Antonio—"Shoots a pound of flesh."

Shylock—"Gallopin' dominoes bring the beef to papa!"

Antonio—"Whuff; an' I reads a meatles day for Shylock. Lily at rest."

Gotham Gossip

THE other day we heard two authorities on the theater talk of the present state of New York dramatic criticism and of the "log rolling" activities of a certain faction which meets daily for luncheon in the Algonquin Hotel. This clique includes a number of critics and newspaper writers, plus their favored friends, and its word is law in New York. They frequently get together and "make" a play, for New Yorkers are guided by what the newspapers say. Recently their activities in behalf of Messrs. Connelly and Kaufman, authors of "Dulcy" and "To the Ladies," have been interesting. Both are "members of this club." Then "the little circle of intellectuals," as the log rollers call themselves, put over little Margalo Gillmore as a hit in "He Who Gets Slapped." Margalo is the pet of the clique and the fact that she gives a feebly inadequate performance didn't bother the "intellectuals." With one voice they declared her adorable.

Who are members of the little circle? F. P. A., the columnist of The World; Alexander Woolcot of The Times; Brock Pemberton, the

producer, and Heywood Broun, of The World, seem to be charter members, although Broun is the least offensive of all.

Since criticism is at such a low ebb in New York, this faction, controlling two such powerful papers as The Times and The World, as well as influencing others, can pretty nearly damn and save a play. Not one critic, save George Jean Nathan, dares to openly combat them.

THERE is little else to relate on the Rialto. We hear rumors of family discord in the Richard Barthelmess-Mary Hay maison. Just temperamental, y' know. Dick takes himself very, very seriously these days. Not that he ever had a sense of humor. And husbandly restraint must irk the Hay temperament. Besides Mary has just scored a hit in a musical show, "Marjolaine," and the lure of the footlights is back again to puncture romance. We wonder if anything so fragile can endure within the hectic acres of Broadway!

Speaking of matrimony reminds us that they are telling amusing little things of Theda Bara and her newly acquired husband, Charles Brabin. Theda never was a person to go about but Brabin is practically keeping her under lock and key. An odd situation for the most famous vampire of 'em all. Incidentally, Theda may return to the films BUT ONLY IF HUBBY DIRECTS. Charles says so himself.

BUT let us turn from the maligned movies. Is blase New York headed for the downfall of Babylon? While the country at large strains itself to meet its financial burdens and while hundreds of thousands of men—many of them returned soldiers—sit, jobless, in actual want, there seems to be no lack of money among a certain strata of New York city life. And these folk—profiteers, bootleggers and other members of the "new aristocracy"—are building a new cult.

In the old before-the-war days the cabaret was wont to go its hectic way sometime between the hours of 7:00 o'clock and 1:00 A. M. After these hours, the jaded had to seek distant motor road houses—and that was all.

Now—harken, ye good people of the "sticks," as Broadway disdainfully calls you—the real cabaret begins at 2:00 A. M. and runs to about 6:00 A. M. It isn't possible to have a table at one of these places without eating and it isn't possible to eat without achieving a check for $40 or more for two people. And the check may run up to $150. Two "revenooers" recently testified they spent an early morning at one of these restaurants. Their check was $160.

Only the other day one of these places, the Rendezvous, was raided just before dawn and Gilda Grey, the well known exponent of the shimmie, and her three hula-hula girls were arrested or the charge of giving an indecent performance. They were discharged later for

lack of evidence, although the detectives declared the young ladies were very scantily clad, mostly in straw and a smile, and that the dance was performed by that part of the anatomy considerably north of the knees. Between dances the hula maids circulated among the diners and squirted perfume upon lucky—or unlucky—males.

FAR be it from us to pass upon the morals of the dance done by Gilda and her girls—honest Hawaiians from Brooklyn and Times Square with such pagan names as Agnes, Mabel and Becky. For the sake of honesty, we'll concede that a lot of cuticle was displayed. At one or two other restaurants, a more exotic note is offered the jaded Broadwayite by negro chorus girls. All these things are indications of New York's march along the path of bored eroticism. Paris has had this sort of thing, largely maintained for the American tourist, a long time. There still are plenty of places where the American, seeking to see the underworld of wicked Paris, can observe a ballet of nude girls dancing about his table.

Recently Berlin has been going through the same thing. Since the old restraints were tossed aside with the revolution, the nude has been paraded in public. Back in 1920 a dancer named Celly de Rheidt, wife of an army lieutenant, began giving nude dances in private concert halls, the last word in undress being preceded by a lecture by the young lady's hus-

band. You see it was all done in the name of Art!

Celly got along all right until last December, when she began dancing—still minus anything more elaborate than a freckle—in a Berlin kabaret. That finished Celly, for she was arrested and convicted of "conducting a performance detrimental to public morality." For which Celly and her lieutenant were fined the awe-inspiring sum of 37,000 marks.

But Celly had paved the way. With her success came "Natura" ballets—of white flesh minus the restraint of even chiffon—at the Berlin theaters. And the nymphs attracted capacity business.

The whole trouble lies in the fact that the world—or that part of it possessing money—is jaded and that the world war tore away all the old scruples. Today New York is more abandoned than ever before in its history but you need plenty of money and a knowledge of night life to find the abandon.

It is impossible to get into these break-of-dawn cabarets without evening clothes and it is usually impossible without having a young woman along. The cafe owner wants to be sure you look like a spender and that you ***will*** spend. Besides there is psychology involved in the dress suit. A head waiter told us the other night that, when a man dresses for the evening, he invariably comes with "a roll." And the restaurants need "the roll."

The right sort of an evening in New York for the sophisticated city flapper is a stiff proposition for the rising young man. Here's a rough schedule:

Taxi to dinner	$1.50
Dinner	12.00
Theater tickets from a speculator	18.00
Taxi to a midnight revue or dance resort	1.50
Tickets to the revue or for table	20.00
Salad or something to drink while dancing	15.00
Taxi to morning cabaret	2.00
Table and food during cabaret	60.00
	$130.00

We have included tips here. And then the usual thing is to take the young lady to a delicatessen restaurant for breakfast. There are several of these places the vogue just now, although one of the Child's, in Columbus Circle, is likewise a favorite. That's $2.00 more for taxi and something added for breakfast. Then an additional two dollars will get the tired flapper home. After which the young man—out about $150—rushes home to change clothes and get to the office by 10:00 o'clock.

You may think these figures are exaggerated. But they aren't. They are absolutely true. And the $150 doesn't include the liquor the sophisticated flapper insists that the proper young man carry on his hip or the liquid reinforcements she expects him to get here and there during the evening.

Speaking of liquor, reminds us of the number of bootleggers extant in New York. Every

other person seems to be in the game. But there is one we are strong for. She is a dashingly pretty girl who calls to get your order in a most business-like way. She used to be a chorine until Mr. Volstead got in his work. Now she has an estate on Long Island.

* * *

Phoenix Pulls This

Daughter—"How do you like my new party gown, father?"

Father—"Why, daughter! You surely aren't going out with half of your back exposed?"

Daughter (looking in mirror)—"Oh, father! How stupid of me. I have this dress on backwards."

* * *

An Odd Number

Furious Flapper—"I'll report you. What's your number?"

Smitten Conductor—"Main 2122. Call me after six."

* * *

Favorite Flowers

Henry Ford—Car-Nation.

Mrs. Elinor Glyn—Passion Flower.

John Chinaman—Poppy.

Washburn Crosby—Eventually, why not now.

Any young fellow—Wild Thyme.

* * *

When you haven't got a handkerchief a cold is an awful draw-back.

I Wisha Wuza Whale!

A steerage passenger on a liner, recently from Australia, said that when they were three days out of Sydney, a prodigiously large, man-eating shark was observed to the starboard. The crew, desiring to see a little change of routine, threw a three-legged stool overboard, and, much to their surprise, the monster recovered it and swallowed it whole.

Curiosity prompted the crew to dispose of a bunch of bananas in the same manner. Again the shark repeated his previous action.

A Jew, becoming interested more in the proceedings of the minute than his necessary equilibrium, pitched, head first, over the rail. True to his former behavior, the man-eater consumed the Jew at one swallow.

Of course the awe-stricken crew immediately set about the task of harpooning the sea-monster, and, in the course of an hour, succeeded, and hauled the catch on deck and quickly had it severed in halves.

Well, there was ingenious Abraham sitting on the three-legged stool selling bananas at ten cents a dozen!

* * *

Ike, our Jewish farmhand, has been throwing slams at Tillie, the Scandinavian cookee. Ikey insisted that Minnesota Swede girls say "Thank you," when the boys deign to kiss them goodnight.

Hollywood Flirtations

ON A RECENT Monday, Marshall Neilan announced his intention of going to Europe.

Blanche Sweet sails for the Orient.

On the following Saturday Gloria Swanson announces that she will go to Europe "for a rest" following the completion of "The Gilded Cage" which she is now making at the Lasky studios.

Draw your own conclusions.

* * *

"WILD HONEY," a picture, is playing at the Central Theater in New York. Beryl Collins, an artist model, went to see it. As she came out, someone, knocked over a beehive and she got stung. She says it was in five different places and sued the theater for $20 per sting. She was awarded a judgment.

* * *

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN, on one pretext or another, delays her coming west to play in pictures. They say she is trying to make up her mind to marry a New York importer.

WE WONDER if Mildred Harris waited until she settled a bill of $9,145 which Joseph, the New York modiste, said she owed, before purchasing her Easter Bonnet?

* * *

OLIVER MOROSCO, widely known theatrical producer, has just married Selma Paley, named as the "other woman" in his wife's suit for divorce. Miss Paley played in "Madam Sherry" nine years ago, that being her first appearance on the stage, and has appeared in many productions since that time. In Mrs. Morosco's suit for divorce, she demanded an accounting of $250,000 in gifts which she said Morosco had given Miss Paley. Morosco has just bought a $60,000 home for his bride in Los Angeles.

* * *

ANNE MOWER has just divorced her husband, Jack, Lasky leading man. "Every night was Saturday night to Jack," the wife complained. "We were happy when he earned $15 a week but success has spoiled him!"

* * *

A $22,000 automobile rolled up to the exchange offices of a motion picture producing and distributing company last week in New York City.

The sales force had not been paid for three weeks. The employees are thinking of pooling interests and taking over the car "on account."

See What We Mean?

If a short-skirted lady uses the "L" instead of the subway it apparently means that she doesn't object to the stares.

* * *

Everything in this life balances. Thus in home brewing, the bootleggers' loss is the gas companies' gain.

* * *

On Fifth Avenue

"Ladies before gentlemen," said the young man as he made way for the young lady to climb to the top of the bus.

* * *

The Radio Lover

He kept his high Antenna hot,
With messages of love—but yet
She could not hear because there was
Some flaw in her receiving set.

It needed some adjustments and
He promised her: "I'll fix it, Lena,"
He did; he merely had to find
The proper spot of her Galena.

* * *

A He and She Joke

Miss Flap—"These rolled down stockings are not too comfortable. They chafe just a little."

Mr. Flop—"Ah! Your calves are grazing!"

* * *

"I found her wrapped in thought."
"What do you mean?"
"Oh—nothing."

Our Rural Mail Box

Molly Maglone—It would be wrong to say that the widow who recently married her sixth husband was "led to the altar." She probably knew the way.

* * *

Dora—Yes, little girl, a lounge lizard somewhat resembles a garter snake.

* * *

Geraldine Farther—You are quite mistaken, Geraldine, Fatty Arbuckle, I feel certain, was never invited to address the Y. W. C. A.

* * *

Rosabel Pratt—In case of fire, Rosie, would suggest that you throw a bar of soap to him so he can make a lather and climb down.

* * *

Mandy—Yes, Mandy, Eve came from Adam's spare rib.

* * *

Kitty Carr—Yes, Kitty, ice really is what it is cracked up to be.

* * *

Helen Troy—When a man declares that he admires you for the beauties of your soul, or the charm of your mind, dearie, it is just his delicate little way of explaining that he's not thinking of marrying you.

$10,000 Short Story Contest!

True Confessions, a new Fawcett Monthly magazine, is in the field for distinctively interesting based-on-fact stories of 1,000 to 10,000 words, and offers contributors—

Two grand prizes of $1,000 each.
Two second prizes of $300 each.
Two third prizes of $200 each.
Twenty prizes of $100 each.
Fifty prizes of $50 each.
One Hundred prizes of $25 each.

The contest is divided into two sections. The first section closes June 30, 1922 and manuscripts which fail to win prizes in the first section will be entered in the second section automatically, and thus early contestants will have a second chance. The second section closes October 1, 1922.

FIRST SECTION
(Contest closes June 30, 1922)
$1,000 Grand prize
$300 Second prize
$200 Third prize
Ten prizes of $100 each
Twenty-five prizes of $50 each
Fifty prizes of $25 each.

SECOND SECTION
(Contest closes Oct. 1, 1922)
$1,000 Grand prize
$300 Second prize
$200 Third prize
Ten prizes of $100 each
Twenty-five prizes of $50 each
Fifty prizes of $25 each

Suggestions: Confessions of a Magdalene, Confessions of a Jimmy Valentine, Confessions of a Maniac, Confessions of a Dope Fiend, Confessions of Faithless Love, Confessions of Hate. All stories must be unusual. *True Confessions* will not consider cut and dried fiction. We will take our readers into the inner chambers of real life. Unless otherwise requested, writers' names will not be published. All manuscripts not prize winners will be purchased at space rates upon acceptance.

Further information will be supplied on request. Manuscripts should be addressed to—

W. H. FAWCETT, Editor,
True Confessions
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